

The Garden

Gold birds slouched
in palpable dusk,a
foliage sagging under

aromas resident and
cold, this purple rankness edging

close. Don't bother rising up,fetching
a robe for your life

has come to nothing
requisite.

Solitaire

Scowling up the wrong page
could be Genius of the Age.

Was ever thus 'n'twill be,
I suppose. You hear the leaves
turning alongside sleep.

What was the Borges's story?

The pages themselves
kept splitting,
ENCORE.

Such a book would jam
our world in time.

Frightful! How then could you be
known? Another smother.

Low Art

Gershwins knew the book was shit,
urged songs to bridge

orangutang inanieties. Revivals suck the *ooo-so-*
AWFlee-innocent-cutesey-wootsey

neverwas. Ah yes,
the glitter
y maid astride

the halfmoon
of the logo:

one must lift her
panties down.

after the fairy tale by Christina Rossetti

At the Goblin Market

Laura n' Lizzie puttin' out
innocence at a stretch,
jazzed by men extending

maddest fruit, and who
to believe, ever,
'round women and men?

The Haul

God hasn't got a point
of view,might say
let go,don't SEEK

*justice,wringing
your heart thus.
You'll need it full*

of blood.

The History of Getting On With It

When the miraculous adjourns,
the familiar exalts.
God exits,

but the milkmaid, ah,
walks.

A Salt Lake In Turkey

No top or bottom
blotching furious
bright. No way

to find a way.
Nothing human

is alien to me.
Goethe knew this
whiteness

after white.

2 Poems of Dynamic Instruction

How To Keep From Going Crazy

(1) Be yourself.

How to Go Crazy.

See (1).

Truth As Cartoon

I can't burlesque Disney characters since
they'd have me in court forever,

like Dickens' Jardyce v Jardyce in
Bleak House, but, say to suffice, they

all do each other with
skill, relish, and abandon
I'll say no more.

(Except Goofy is worth anything
you have to pay.)

The Best of Times

When the news of the great
abstractions touched me,
I concluded WE!

had won, indeed, the greatest victory
for Democracy and Freedom,
a triumph inevitable.

Of Justice over Tyranny. Of...Love, really--
The Blood of Recent Martyrs enabling me
to continue floating

loyally in peace!
But a soft misgiv-
ing perseverated I
needn't voice here, which

I confided, though, to our greatest literary artist, and he answered in the poetry he and his so effortlessly style:
Yo' balls already on the block, boy!

*nobody safe, Motherfuck.
Never.*

O where then can one turn, ever,
within the great abstractions? Their stabbing
clarity?

Contemporary Love

The homely woman
at the party,
and we, pretty

much the rest, in
secret compact this

tedious fact. With
in the geometry
of loneliness
I note our paths,

or flights, intersect. Her
persistent fashioning at first;
presently just accident:

we're driven to seek others,
and no one. At these times

I'm conventionally polite
and warmer than I might.

A personal God might say

Just who are YOU

*to judge my females? Why
don't you just de-asshole
a moment? Chill out!--*

*why there might eventually
be some nice NOOKY
in it for you, even." Oh yeah? Ole*

GOD wouldn't TALK that sorta way, huh?
You'd be surprised. Job's to getta
whole shitload of things ROLLING.

Athwart the entropy
of modern emotion.

Could Hoover Wear His Dress To the Office?

In the present climate of assent
who could say yes? What
is always with us

always vanishes, leaving
the inner where

nobody can be

blackmailed.

The horse knows the way

among the spooks
of ancestral hooves,
can shy, shows moods.

In the cold our own history
sighs along the dapples,

as with the braided ghosts

of breath
we reinvent

love, our only summary
for fate, for heartbreak.
Not enough

animal, nor
spirit, we numb.

1

it's always the same the

bite of the word,
a slight
turn

of your lover
to a friend
of sorts
then
0

Hypocrisy

No more taunts
towards washed
and unwashed.

I'm scanning
my own slide with

in the shabby strut,
and can't leave
the apartment.

Before Christ Was I am

w/ Cleo on the Nile
knowing on which side
my bread's bartered,

w/ ee thinking
blueeyed
blueeyed,

w/ Dolphy saying "Dot's
vun *wonderarsch* y'got
there, Eva,

makes me wanna cum
and cum and I could
if a hairy Jew didn't
jump into

every

fuckin

thing!"

Ludwig asking *what? what?*
"I said if a hairy..."

I say how do you like
your blackeyed boys *und* girls,

Mr Death? while
Alan and Walt check out the bananas
--*not my brand of vice* I whisper.

So who ASKED you?their bawdy laugh
and dance and dance away, nice

turn, BuckandWing on down the produce aisle,
vaudeville *schticks!* Stop!
ALL of you clownish FUCKERS! This is

the time of the bottom line,
the bottom,bottomest line,Slime.

w/ Iacocca Ilks assenting
You bete your ass!
(and is an ass a life? Hey

Eva?)

An Historical Process

They slide
the huge blocks
in,rearm

their frigid right
against us;

with all that ice
crowding up,

they'll harden. It's

when you get anyone.

Said to a lady

What can I do
for you

this instant? I could
eat you

or buy
The New York Times.

A Later Invention

Fast abiding in such:
kiss beneath a groan-
ing tree as from

the jack-o-lantern houses those
speeches of our others
outwreathing in a cone.

Shadows harrowing stones,
ourselves in breath.

We dream

Irene,

I, too, take a great notion
but own
a lesser.

Shipping

Island: is-ness,
not isthmus yet
I, the same this

moment, and not,
allegedly more

stolid against
encroached

worlds I shun
for always, this

lonely trek,
leaving just one

minute too late,
fated to load up

again, both cargo
and cult.

Love These *Isms*

Femin for one
at its extreme
ladies

commandoraiding
this rapist just
acquitted in Germany,

cutting off all
further conversation.

For the *ballubaise*? Hey!
musical directors need
more ZOPRANOS. Lessssshope

they got the right one.
(Left one too)

Oh well fuck
a Muslim after lunch,
puttanigger down a day suh

great time to be livin,I sing a
walk in the park
The Rape of Nanking.

A Vision Sent Up

All these moaning and bitching
Italians in a field somewhere

with *women* swaying
in and out

attending to their MESS-
y needs. Neither role in *MY* training
I wait,therefore,but wryly

do complain. Eventually. *FUCK YOU!* they
"Hey! Just for being

scream.

myself?" I riot back. "Give me a bREAK!"

NO! always you wait too long !

At the invention of jealousy

God said *Is this good or what?*
Writhing dance upon hot coals! Put
'em in mind of that alternate road.

Jenny For the Longest Moment

still laughing at the idiot heel
totoe scruff that sweating day.

From the chair she sinks in
with a cup and sweet

eyes worn by steam, her
throat arching

lamp
light
grain by
grain.

The Writer

Dr Johnson treated like shit when he
repaired to hightea Cambridge
and you name me a more literary
sonofabitch from anybody's time.

The Passion of Thought

How you hear of these groups must
ering through the ages *re* Jung or someone.

Wouldn't you sense after a time it's
coffeeand, or a touch

spiriting remembrance into these sessions
of sweets and prolix thought? What are ideas,
really? The impotent just

reach to variant guns,
and most strike
their very names
for love.

I Just Found Out That It's All Right

Between my balls, ascension,
another DIMENSION, or so

I've read in the Literature

of Discarding Guilt.

Though faithless
I am spiritual
when it comes

to such matters, and cheap,
though I'll spend and spend.

The Result of Art

Description is agreement
at the least continuing
true to others.

Difference proves far,
bizarre: no one holds
your bunk either way.

You and I

What would you do?
What would you do?

It's so easy for you
to be theoretically moral.

But what if they confronted you
on *Krystelnacht* with their clubs
and leers, their sneering

"We're smashing up some Jew
businesses and some Jews,
so what do you think? Hey?"

They laugh "We're break
ing open some Kike heads
to watch the *scheiss* run out!

Don't you approve? Aren't you with us?
Herr und Frau UprightCitizen?"

What do you say
and what would you do?

Probably *Oh dear! Must you?*

Desiring hate to be decorous.

And what say afterward?
Hey! *I saved my ass? . . . the only rational thing?* What to your children? *What choice did I have? You can't possibly reason with animals!*

Note their eyes as you mouth it. And forever remember their eyes!
Forever study the eyes of children.

Somebody put it bluntly.
Was it Bonhoeffer, or Frankl,
or Bettleheim? YOU,

YOU must act!

Morally on the INSTANT!: Hell
of a prescription! But, if you can't

stand up to thugs
then what the fuck
you living for?

You're not a man.
You're not a woman.

What the fuck good are your IDEAS?

Jesus. Francis. Buddah. Mohammed.
John the Baptist, Teresa. King. Ghandi.
John Brown, Susan Anthony. Luther, X, Joan of Arc.
Lincoln. Hauptman. Scores of heros. Scores. Scores.
These but examples! They didn't

perpetually do what we call in America
a shiteating grin. And they sinned.

But what did they say and what

did they do with the vital chips down?

You know fuckin well,
and don't we all?

They stood up.
They spoke out.

If you believe in God then
God expects such

heroism. (Of course you're afraid.
We all start there.)

*Let me be.
Send up
your chimneys
whatever you wish, did you say?*

I mind my own business?
Go about your own life,
children, would you say?

*Go about it!
Go! Don't seek my eyes.*

In my own I see running.
*Don't seek my eyes,
not now!* Yet

the test
will come
some NOW.

It will come
as does the sun and rain
or evening's trailing rust.

Then what will I define? One must
create a moral self
in order

to deserve
death.

After the Lecture

And even a greater phoney
because with each question,
nothing comes to me, so
I make up an answer

from nerves. Invent it
and in the process am amazed

it sounds plausible
the least bit,
then run with it.

This is creation, yes? --
a kind of spirit.

Are we where we are, whatever
intriguing spot because we're
lazy or clever, or scared? Does

God come round when we're dangerous
ly puffed?

Then or now?
deserving.

One Example of Lesbian Photography

Pussy black-wingspread through
sheer panties a
mong seriously unmade bed,

dresser with gummy glass
knobs in urin

ous light. "HERE! and look
widely suckahmale,'cause it

aint for you,no0way,not
even in your sICKEST dreams!"

Okay,but watch out for The Emperor of Ice Cream:
He'll get yuh,SASS-ASS,regardless of where,
or inandoutcloset manifestos of HAIR.

Yeah we're all of us t
RASHY too,relishing sex

shoved at the square world, playing
Doctor against Institutions
of Deceit, flaunting IT:

"What' yuh think, huh?
Huh? Moles of Sniveling?"

They think no more or less as when they dream
it's all about The Emperor of Ice Cream.

Landing Instructions

You've done all right.
Dodged crashing by
steady flight.

The women you soar past
are all gnashingly divorced.

With parlors.

Girl to Boy,Sitting In Mall

"This is,like,WAITing." Goad

to do what others must. So?
aren't we above our drudging

parents, others as uncool?
Who're like people.

What I see

lingers

on the retinas

till leached
by blood and bone
becoming me as much

a lonely mystery
as love.

Vanishing Point

Terror sighs mid
grids ahead. Thinking
what you said.

LOUVRE

French Charlie on the VCR,
crowing 'bout's it Degas?

Anyhow, much repetitious shit
over vain space, rich

woman squeezing her contemporary tits
'gainst heros of antiquity. Hey,

Boyer, how 'bout me with Alexander,
his jiggling my Great Dick?

Sonofabitch!
Dots of piss
like fuckin gold!

To some

I continue to write love
poems where there's none,
not the passion craved
at any rate,

and when we're dead at last
famous, the biographers'll quote
them to affirm the lust

ful cyclone whirling us in Toto!
(or Kansas) Just wait

a fuckin minute! you'll
bellow out the grave.
In vain.

What difference? Even our friends kick
our fretful tales around

romance and fantasy, and, not
the least, wit and humanness
they know and more
they sense.

I love women more
in romantic ways, not the daily
grit. Like ascending
Spring, those gusts
of petals, ozone
out of fiercest dirt Frenchkissing
every cell.

But they only work out
in health clubs.

Advice to the Loveworn

Ever get tired of lying
and lying,
ever get sick of your cock
or your cunt,
ever get bored with buying
and buying,
ever want to suck yourself off?
Then train, SUCKUH,
Look yourself in the fuckin eye
for once.